The Prologue.

CHORUS.

Two housholds both alike in dignity,
(In faire Verona, *where we lay our Scene)*
From ancient grudge breake to new mutiny,
Where civill blood makes civill hands uncleane.
From forth the fatall loines of these two foes
A paire of starre-crost lovers take their life,
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrowes
Doth with their death burie their Parents strife.
The fearefull passage of their death-markt love,
And the continuance of their Parents rage,
Which but iheir childrens end nought could remove,
Is now the two houres traffick of our Stage;
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here shall misse, our toyle shall strive to mend.